Hip. Twas *Flauia.*

Emil. Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theſeus* love;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely ſeaſond,
More buckled with ſtrong Iudgement, and their needes
The one of th'other may be ſaid to water
Their intertangled rootes of love, but I
And ſhee (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare iſſues by their operance; our ſoules
Did ſo to one another; what ſhe lik'd,
Was then of me approov'd, what not condemd
No more arraignement, the flowre that I would plucke
And put betweene my breaſts, oh (then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſome) ſhe would long
Till ſhee had ſuch another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix* like
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed
For my moſt ſerious decking, had mine eare
Stolne ſome new aire, or at adventure humd on
From miſicall Coynadge; why it was a note
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourne (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers; This rehearſall
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments baſtard, has this end,
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in ſex individuall.

Hip. Y'are out of breath
And this high ſpeeded-pace, is but to ſay
That you ſhall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)
Love any that's calld Man.

Emil. I am ſure I ſhall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Siſter,
I muſt no more beleeve thee in this point
(Though, in't I know thou doſt beleeve thy ſelfe,)

2. Hearſes ready with Palamon: and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theſeus: and his Lordes ready.

Then

Then I will truſt a ſickely appetite,
That loathes even as it longs; but ſure
If I were ripe for your perſwaſion, ye
Have ſaide enough to ſhake me from
Of the all noble *Theſeus*, for whoſe fo
I will now in, and kneele with great
That we, more then his *Pirothous*, po
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not againſt your faith
Yet I continew mine.

Scæna 4. *A Battaile ſtrooke within: T*
Then Enter Theſeus (victor) the
him, and all on their faces before

1. *Qu.* To thee no ſtarre be dark
2. *Qu.* Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever.
3. *Qu.* All the good that may
Be wiſhd upon thy head, I cry Amen t

Theſ. Th'imparciall Gods, who fro
View us their mortall Heard, behold
And in their time chaſtice: goe and find
The bones of your dead Lords, and hon
With treble Ceremonie, rather then a
Should be in their deere rights, we wou
But thoſe we will depute, which ſhall i
You in your dignities, and even each th
Our haſt does leave imperfect; So adiew
And heavens good eyes looke on you.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may
By their appointment; Some of Thebs
They are Siſters children, Nephewes to

Theſ. By'th Helme of Mars, I ſaw t
Like to a paire of Lions, ſmeard with p
Make lanes in troopes agaſt. I fixt my n
Conſtantly on them; for they were a m

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